

THE DIRECTOR.

No. 20. SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1807.

VICE IS NEVER SO DANGEROUS, AS WHEN IT
ASSUMES THE GARB OF MORALITY.

Preface to Lovers' Vows.

IN dramatic compositions, when the hopes and fears of mankind are delineated with a masterly hand, when the former are shown to be abortive even in the promised moment of enjoyment, and when the latter are unexpectedly relieved by an unforeseen and providential intervention, the mind receives a double benefit from the representation. It learns moderation and temperance, in the current of prosperity; it acquires fortitude

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and resignation, amidst the storms of adversity.

THE drama combines all the various powers of the imitative arts, and at the same time unites duties, arduous and honorable in themselves, and highly beneficial to the community. While it has the charms of poetry in language, of painting in scenery, of statuary in form and figure, and of music in melody and harmony of sounds,—it has the power of displaying the uncertainty of earthly grandeur, of marking the calamitous end of violence and injustice, and of thereby cautioning the unwary heart against the first temptations of unregulated ambition. It possesses the most effectual means of guarding against the indulgence of the malignant passions, and of directing the desires and the habits to the gratification of the benevolent feelings;—of placing falsehood and knavery in their true light, and of making folly, presumption, and vanity contemptible and ridiculous.

I HAVE already had an opportunity of noticing some traits of indecency and profaneness, which have disgraced the English stage. I now direct the attention of my readers to a more important subject; and lament that the Drama, which is capable of being applied to the noblest and most useful purposes, and which is admirably calculated to give just and correct impressions of life and manners, and thereby to increase the prevalence of moral truth, should have been in so many instances applied to the establishment of defective principles, and to the bewildering of the unpractised and unsuspecting mind, by the palliation of vice, and by the disparagement of virtue.

To give prevalence to false motives of conduct, is extremely injurious to the interests of the community. Disorderly passions, though they may impel to vicious courses, yet they are corrigible:—but tainted and defective principles preclude the return to virtue. When vice is

adorned with the semblance of morality and benevolence, she becomes infinitely more dangerous—than when she retains her native and disgusting form of *vulgar Sensuality*. I shall therefore think it incumbent upon me to offer a few observations upon some Comedies, which have been lately imported into this country from Germany. In a former paper, I have alluded generally to their tendency and effects; but I propose at present to enter a little more into detail, on the subject.

IN the first place, I shall notice the Comedy of Lovers' Vows, a professed imitation of Kotzebue's "Child of Love;" in preparing which for the English stage, Mrs. Inchbald has done every thing that was practicable, to divest it of many of the exceptionable passages in the original. But, preserving the general character, it was not possible wholly to exempt it from an objection, which I will repeat in her own words; that "*Vice is never so dangerous, as when it assumes the garb of morality.*"

NOTHING can be more amiable than pity for the misguided sufferer, who, by ungoverned passions, or by evil example, has been seduced from virtue, and involved in misery. This delightful sentiment has the highest possible example and authority, in that compassion and mercy, to which we address all our hopes: and if it is more lovely in any one *earthly* instance, it is when it emanates from the pure and refined sensibility of a delicate and virtuous female. But if such a female, misled by kindness and affection, approves and admires the crime, instead of lamenting and detesting it, she corrupts her own moral feeling, and that of others. When pity for a wretched criminal leads to the palliation and approval of his guilt, the bounds between virtue and vice are soon broken down, and the heart is prepared to participate in that criminality of disposition, which it already approves.

To apply this observation to the Play

before us.—We may compassionate the unhappy man, who beholding the distress of his mother, his wife, or his child, is impelled, like Frederick*, in a moment of desperation, to commit a robbery. But let us beware how we venture to approve it; much more how we hold up the deed to

* In a circumstance of this kind Shakspeare has acted with his usual propriety and delicacy. I refer to the scene where ISABELLA is soliciting ANGELO, in favor of her brother, condemned to die for breach of chastity.

“ISAB. There is a vice, that I do most abhor,
 “ And most desire to meet the blow of justice;
 “ For which I would not plead, but that I must;
 “ For which I would not plead, but that I am
 “ At war, ’twixt will and will not.”

She offers no approval, nor even palliation, of her brother's offence, but suggests to the judge the consequences of human frailty.

“ If he had been as you, and you as he,
 “ You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
 “ Would not have been so stern.”

She then reminds Angelo of our hopes of mercy from Heaven.

“ Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
 “ And He that might the vantage best have took,
 “ Found out the remedy: How would you be,
 “ If He which is the top of judgment, should

admiration,—as the *crime* of Frederick is offensively offered to public view, in this dramatic composition. If the precedent be once admitted, the consequences, not merely of misfortune, but of dissipation and idleness, will for ever supply a pretext, for infringing the laws of civilized society, and for invading the peace and security of individuals.

To give another example from this play.—We may weep over the unfortunate woman, who, like the mother of Frederick, betrayed by passion and vanity,

“But judge you, as you are? Oh think on that,
“And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
“Like man new made.”

She concludes by an appeal to his conscience, in favor of her brother.

“Go to your bosom;
—“Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth
know

“That’s like my brother’s fault: if it confess
“A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
“Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue,
—“Against my brother’s life.”

But in all this there is not a word of palliation. Her disapprobation of what her brother has done, is expressed clearly and distinctly in every part.

and unmindful of her duty to her benefactress, falls a sacrifice to criminal solicitation; and seeking for pleasure, wealth, and rank, finds misery, poverty, and contempt. But, unless we would increase beyond all endurance, the number of such wretched victims, we must not adorn them with the fascinating ornaments of mind and body,—we must not render them amiable and interesting, and attempt to place them in the Temple of Honour. The shrine would be profaned. Give them your tears, your pity, your protection : strive by every act of kindness and mercy, to recal them to the paths of peace and virtue. But do not honour and exalt them : do not propose them for example and imitation. Direct your praise, your respect, your admiration, to a more pure and meritorious object.

THE reserve, the restraint, and the diffidence of the female sex, are the brightest, and most irresistible ornaments and attractions of a young and beautiful

woman. The wealth of the Indies cannot supply a substitute for them. Mrs. Inchbald, in her Preface, tells us that she has divested AMELIA'S love of "the indelicate bluntness and abruptness" which marks the original character of Kotzebue; and that she has changed "the forward and unequivocal terms," in which she declares her passion, into something more corresponding with English manners. She has done much, and with talent. But still, I trust, the model is not so improved, nor its points so smoothed and polished, as ever to make it acceptable to female delicacy in England.

THOSE who wish to know how much Mrs. Inchbald has done, in removing and softening the native indelicacy of the German play, have only to peruse the translation of Kotzebue's original, "THE CHILD OF LOVE," from whence is taken our English comedy of Lovers' Vows. The *fair translator* (I should have thought that this coarse work would have been more adapted to rough and male hands)

but the fair translator informs the public, that "some interesting scenes, and exquisite touches, have been omitted on the "English stage;" and pathetically laments, that we have not been favored with translations of *more of these admirable productions*. Upon perusal, however, of the translation, I trust the reader will not join in the same regret. The principles are liable to equal objection in both instances; but the detail and the language are infinitely more offensive in the translation. The frequent and unprovoked profanation of the name of the Deity, by making it the expletive of every idle exclamation, is gross and abominable. The language of the Baron's daughter, and her declaration of her passion, are coarse and indelicate; and the character of Frederick, the HERO of the piece, is in a high degree criminal and unjustifiable. In the first scene of the second act, he exclaims, "I will beg; and if they will "not give me, I will rob." He accordingly begs, and receives alms of five persons; but not satisfied with the amount of what

is given him by the fifth, Baron Wildenheim, he exclaims, "By G—d this is not sufficient," and attempts to rob him, not abstaining from the sin of murder. This is he, who presumptuously appeals to his CREATOR, whether *he deserves to suffer for an act, which he afterwards solemnly avers is no crime*; "being justified by rights founded on the equality of all mankind." This the person, who is approved and honoured by the Baron's daughter, for having *so bravely and gallantly hazarded his life* for his mother. This the hero, whose reward is the *business* of the play.

KOTZEBUE's Frederick must be presumed to have studied and admired the play of the Robbers, by SCHILLER: a composition, fraught with such a complication of *unnatural and incredible wickedness*, that an English reader would shudder at the perusal of it. Unhappily, however, the human heart is capable of being *gradually* reconciled and habituated to that, which, at first, was the subject of unmixed horror; and the young

and inexperienced eye, may be dazzled by the tinsel and paint, with which vice and villainy are there tricked off. The well known fact, that the acting of this play at *Fribourg*, produced, among the young men there, a band of villains, associated in guilt by the most tremendous oaths, does not appear improbable to me, since I have *laboured* through Schiller's Play of the Robbers.

THE public Journals have since given a similar instance of a gang of two hundred persons, formed upon the model, and encouraged by the example, of this dramatic piece of SCHILLER. The chief's name was *Schinderhanner* ; who, at the age of twenty-three years, was made a public example of the pernicious effects of this abominable production.

I SHALL add a few remarks upon the STRANGER, another importation from Germany ; a play, which, I conceive, to be calculated to weaken the sanction of the marriage vow, by presenting the cha-

racter of an *adulteress*, in the brightest and most amiable colours, and in the best and most favourable light, so as to make her the object of praise and admiration. The Countess (who appears under the assumed name of Mrs. Haller) having suspicions of her husband's infidelity, becomes faithless to him ; and, forgetful of her two infant children, elopes with her seducer. The *convenient principle* is thus laid down, that adultery, on one side, will *justify* the same crime on the other, and that the infidelity of an husband, will authorize *retaliation in kind*, on the part of the wife. The Countess's language, even in her moments of penitence, seems to admit this principle as incontrovertible. The justification, however, did not apply to this case. The husband was causelessly suspected by the wife of his bosom ; by her on whom, with truth and sincerity, his unaltered affection and fondness had been lavished. Wounded to the quick by the desertion of his beloved wife, he resigns himself to his fate, in solitary and ceaseless affliction. His hopeless sorrow is then

characterised by the author, as *odious misanthrophy*, and is depicted in colours which disgust, and do not interest the spectator. The virtuous and modest wife of the Baron, is represented as tame and monotonous ; while her *unseduced* and unoffending attendant, is marked with traits of flippancy and impertinence. Every other part in the play is kept down ; all as shades to give light and force to the portrait of the *adulteress* ; whose character is composed of all those amiable virtues, which are enumerated in the words of the learned prelate, quoted in a former paper : “ With goodness of heart, high principles of honour, compassion, humanity, and generosity ;” virtues, which are rewarded by the cure of the misanthropist, and by her restoration to wealth, rank, and character.

THE tone of the English Stage is such, as renders it wholly incompatible with the decorum observed by the higher order of our clergy, to be present at any theatrical exhibition. It is not merely as a *public*

place, that it is objectionable, for this would exclude them from oratorios and public concerts. If, then, it is on account of the indecency or immorality of the compositions, on what principle do their wives and daughters attend? How is it, that all the other ranks of the clergy are to be seen at the theatre? And, if they were absent, why are spectacles of an indecorous nature, or of an immoral tendency, to be offered to the laity, and to their wives and families? And why are those public sources of instruction, on which the manners and morals of a country so much depend,—why are they to be neglected?

THE Roman theatre was connected with their system of religious worship, and with the superstitions of Polytheism. Livy informs us, that “stage plays were originally introduced at Rome, as an act of religion, and with a view to remove a mortality which then prevailed.” Terullian relates, that “when Pompey erected his theatre, he built a temple to Venus as part of it, and consecrated the

“whole by a public and solemn dedication,
“ declaring the entire edifice to be sacred
“ to that goddess.” And, in his *Apology*, he
tells us, that “ christians could not attend
“ the public spectacles, on account of the
“ superstition and idolatry which pre-
“ vailed in them.”

THIS, of course, precluded the primitive christians, and particularly those of the ecclesiastical order, from attending the theatres. And that prohibition, which originated in the connection of dramatic representations with pagan ceremonies, continued to prevail after paganism had ceased to exist. The popish clergy, though they themselves visited the theatre by stealth, proceeded to denounce eternal punishment against the actors who exhibited on them : and in England, (with exception of the *Mysteries*, and some other dramatic exhibitions of a religious nature) there seems to be a cloud of immorality and irreligion suspended over the theatre : and that which might be made the active and useful friend of

truth and virtue, is considered to be the natural and hereditary ally of vice and immorality.

WHY, may we ask, are any public exhibitions to be licensed in this country, which are unfit for any individuals, of ever so respectable character, to attend? And why is the Drama, whose true and legitimate character is to oppose vice, correct folly, and promote virtue, to be so debased and degraded in a country, where (though luxury and dissipation may have intoxicated and enervated some weak and thoughtless individuals) the religious and moral feeling is as quick and warm, and the desire to raise and follow the standard of truth and virtue is as ardent and universal, as it ever was in any age or country.

IF the theatre, as our immortal Dramatist has expressed himself, be intended to "hold the mirror up to nature;—to show Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body

“of the time, his form and pressure,”—why is its pure surface to be sullied, by vicious and indecorous exhibitions? Why is it not to be reformed altogether? We want no law to correct the evil. The act* for the regulation of our theatres, is still

* One of the most ridiculous circumstances attending the legislation of the period when the Licensing Act passed, was the effect that a harmless dramatic satire of Fielding's, called PASQUIN, had in contributing to pass this act for the regulation of the theatre. Persons, who had witnessed with composure the indecent and profane ribaldry, which had kept possession of the stage from the time of Charles the Second, were struck with a degree of pious horror, at some ridicule which was attempted to be thrown on bribery at elections, on operatical and harlequinical buffoonery, and on some defective parts of the three learned professions. Very few boroughs have exceeded the electioneering manœuvres which occupy the commencement of this farce. For the attack upon *law* and *physick* in the latter part, Fustian, the author, gives his friend Sneer a pleasant reason, in which Mr. Fielding might have united *propria persona* with great truth and sincerity,—“that they once joined in a *particular conspiracy* against him.”—“How so?” says Sneer. “Because,” replies he, “an APOTHECARY brought me a long bill, and a LAWYER made me pay “it.”

to be found upon the Statute Book. Its power is placed in the best and most unexceptionable hands ; and the temperate and judicious application of that power, is desired by a great majority of the individuals of all classes in this country. Let us then hope, that the Law will no longer remain a *dead letter* ; but that the tragic and comic Muses, will soon appear in their genuine and natural characters ;—the enemies of vice, the correctors of folly, and the allies of virtue.

To the Editor of the Director.

Sir,

IN your last number, you obliged me by the insertion of two specimens of QUARLES's style, taken from the *first* part of his 'Meditations;' I shall now claim the further indulgence of your inserting two specimens taken from the *second* part, in which, as I before observ-

ed, the previous reflections are of a gloomy and desponding nature—but the *Soliloquy* reprovés, and the *Prayer* administers consolation.

THE WIDOW'S DISTRESS.

“So vain, so momentary are the pleasures of this world ; so transitory is the happiness of mankind, that, what with the expectation that goes before it, and the cares that go with it, and the griefs that follow it—we are not more unhappy in the wanting it, than miserable in the enjoying it : the greatest of all worldly joys, are but bubbles full of air, that break with the fulness of their own vanity, and but, at best, like Jonah’s gourd, which please us while they last, and vex us in the loss. Past and future happiness are the miseries of the time present, and present happiness is but the passage to approaching misery ; which being transitory, and meeting with a transitory possessor, perish in the very using. What was mine yesterday, in the blessedness of a

full fruition, to-day hath nothing left of it but a sad remembrance, it was mine ! the more I call to mind the joys I had, the more sensible I am of the misery I have. My sun is set, my glory is darkened, and not one star appears in the firmament of my little world : he, from whose loins I came, is taken from me : he, to whose bosom I returned, is taken from me : my blessings in the one, my comforts in the other, are taken from me : and what is left to me, but a poor third part of myself, to bewail the loss of the other two. I, that was owned by the tender name of a child, am now known by the off-cast title of an orphan ; I, that was respected by the honourable title of a wife, am now rejected by the despicable name of a widow : I, that flourished like a fruitful vine upon the house top, am now neglected and trodden underfoot : he, that like a strong wall supported my tender branches, is fallen, and left my clusters to the spoil of ravenous swine : the spring-tides of my plenty are spent, and I am gravelled on the low ebbs of

all wants : the sonnets of my mirth are turned to elegies of mourning : my glory is put out, and my honour grovels on the dust : I call to my friends, and they neglect me : I spread forth my hands, and there is none to help me : my beauty is departed from me, and all my joys are swallowed up.

“ BUT stay, my soul, plunge not too far ; shall not He take, that gave ? Cannot He that took, restore ? The Lord is thy portion, who saith,

I will be an husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless. Psal. lxxviii. 5.

Exod. xxii. 22, 23, 24.

Ye shall not afflict any widow, or fatherless child.

If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry.

And my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword, and your wives shall be widows, and your children fatherless.

Mal. iii. v.

I will be a swift witness against those that oppress the widow and the fatherless.

James i. 27.

Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction.

Her Soliloquy.

How hath the sunshine of truth discovered what appeared not by the candlelight of nature ! How many atoms in thy soul hath this light descried, which, in thy natural twilight, were not visible ! Excessive sadness for so great a loss, can want no arguments from flesh and blood ; which arguments can want no weight, if weighed in the partial balance of nature. A husband is thyself, divided : thy children thyself, multiplied ; for whom, (when snatched away) God allows some grains to thy affection : but when they exceed the allowance, they will not pass in Heaven's account, but must be coined again. Couldst thou so often offend thy God, without a tear ? and cannot he, my

soul, displease thee once without so many? Doth the want of spiritual grace not trouble thee, and shall a temporal loss so much torment thee? Is thy husband taken away, and art thou cast down? Hath thy God promised to be thy husband, and art thou not comforted? True symptoms of more flesh than spirit; thy husband was the gift, thy God, the giver; and wilt thou more despise the Giver than the gift? Be wise, my soul, if thou hast lost a man, thou hast found a God; having, therefore, wet thy wings in nature's shower, go and dry them in the God of nature's sunshine.

Her Prayer.

“O GOD, in the knowledge of whom is the perfection of all joy, at whose right hand pleasures are evermore; that makest the comforts of this life momentary, that we may not overprize them, and yet hast made them requisite, that we may not undervalue them; I, a late sharer in this worldly happiness, but a sad witness of its vanity, do here address myself to thee,

the only crown of all my joys, in whom there is no variableness, nor shadow of change. Lord, thou didst give me what my unthankfulness hath taken from me, but thou hast taken from me, what thy goodness hath promised to supply: thou hast given, and thou hast taken, blessed be thy name for ever! Thou then, O God, who art not less able to perform, than willing to promise, whose mercy is more ready to bestow, than my misery is to beg—strengthen my faith, that I may believe thy promise: encourage my hopes, that I may expect thy performance. Quicken my affections, that I may love the Promiser. Be thou all in all to me, that am nothing at all without thee. Sweeten my misery with the sense of thy mercy, and lighten my darkness with the sun of thy glory. Seal in my heart the assurance of adoption, that I may with boldness call thee my Father! Sanctify my actions with the spirit of meekness, that my conversation may testify, that I am thy child. Wean my heart from worldly sorrow, lest I mourn like them that have no hope.

Be thou my bridegroom, and let our marriage chamber be my heart. Own me as thy bride, and purify me with the odours of thy Spirit ; prevent me with thy blessings ; protect me by thy grace ; preserve me for thyself ; prepare me for thy kingdom ! Be thou a father, to bless me ; be thou a husband, to comfort me. In the midst of want, be thou my plenty : in the depth of my mourning, be thou my mirth. Raise my glory from the dust, and then my dust shall shew forth thy praise : be thou a wall to support my vine, and let my branches twine about thee : let them flourish in the sunshine of thy grace, that they may bring forth fruit to the glory of thy name."

THE HUMBLE MAN'S DEPRESSION.

"How more than happy are those sons of men, that measure no further ground than from the sacred font unto their peaceful grave ! How blessed are those

infants, which never lived to taste those dear-bought penny-worths of deceitful earth ! Alas, there is nothing here but bitter pills of pleasure-guilded grief : here is nothing but substantial sorrows, clothed in the shades of false delight : look where I list, there is nothing can appear before mine eye but sorrow, the lamentable object of my misery. Contemplate where I list, here is nothing can present before my thoughts but misery, the object of my mourning. My soul is a sparkle of divine fire, but quenched with lust ; an image of my glorious Creator, but blurred with sin ; a parcel of mortal immortality reserved for death. My understanding is darkened with error ; my judgment is perverted with partiality ; my will is diverted with sensuality ; my memory, like a sieve, retains the bran, and lets the flower pass : my affections are aguish to good, and feverish to evil : my faith wavers ; my hope tires ; my charity freezes ; my thoughts are vain ; my words are idle ; my actions sinful : my body is a

tabernacle of grief, an hospital of diseases, a tenement of death, a sepulchre of a sinful soul. O my soul, how canst thou own thyself without dejection, that canst not view thyself without corruption? How art thou enclosed in walls of dust, tempered with a few tears; a lump of earth, quickened with a span of life. Thy life is short and evil, truly miserable, because evil; only happy, because short: when thou endeavourest good, thy heart faints: when thou strugglest with evil, thy strength fails. For this, my soul is humbled, and my spirits are depressed: for this, I loath myself, and view my misery with indignation.

“ BUT cheer up, my soul, and let not thy thoughts be overprest. The ball that is thrown against the ground, rebounds. Humility is the harbinger of grace. Art thou humbled? fear not. Dost thou fear? despair not. Dost thou despair? persist not. Hark what the God of Truth hath said: *He that is humble shall be exalted.* Luke xiv. 11.

Prov. xxix. 23.
A man's pride shall bring him low, but honour shall uphold the humble in spirit.

1. Pet. v. 6.
Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time.

Prov. xv. 33.
Before honour is humility.

Job xxii. 29.
When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, There is lifting up, and God shall save the humble person.

His Soliloquy.

"ALL virtues, as well theological as moral, are besieged with two vices; humility, the fundamental of all virtues, is not exempted. Some, puffed up with their own lowliness, grow proud, because humble, being high-minded by an anti-peristasis; this is *spiritual pride*. Others, taking too single a view of their own corruptions, and more sensible of the disease than of the remedy, are cast into despondency of mind—and this is called

dejection; the first froths up into presumption, the second settles down into a despair. How canst thou, O my soul, in this tempest, escape this Scylla, or avoid that Charybdis? Dost thou fear the tossing waves? Contract thy sails. Fearest thou the quicksands? Use thy compass. He that stills the waves will assist thee; He that commands the sea will advise thee: look not only on thy loadstone, for then thou wilt not see thy danger: nor only on thy misery, for then thou wilt not be sensible of thy deliverance. If thy humility puff thee up, thou art not fit for mercy. If *dejection* knock thee down, mercy is not fit for thee. Look up, O my soul, to God's mercy, so as thou mayest be sensible of thy own misery; and so look down on thine own misery, as thou mayest be capable of God's mercy.

His Prayer.

“ETERNAL God, who scatterest the proud in the imagination of their hearts, and givest grace to the humble and con-

trite spirit, bow down thy gracious ear to me, vile dust and ashes, whose misery thus casts itself before thy mercy. Lord, I am ashamed of mine own corruptions, and utterly loath mine own condition : I am not an object for mine own eyes without disdain, nor a subject for mine own thoughts without contempt; yet am I bold to prostrate my vile self before thy glorious eyes, and to present my sinful prayers before thy gracious ears. Lord, if thy mercy exceeded not my misery, I could look for no compassion; and if thy grace transcended not my sin, I could expect for nothing but confusion. O thou that madest me of nothing, renew me, that have made myself far less than nothing: revive those sparkles in my soul, which lust hath quenched: cleanse thine image in me, which my sin hath blurred: enlighten my understanding with thy truth: rectify my judgment with thy word: direct my will with thy Spirit: strengthen my memory to retain good things; order my affections, that I may love thee above all

things. Increase my faith ; encourage my hope ; quicken my charity ; sweeten my thoughts with thy grace ; season my words with thy Spirit ; sanctify my actions with thy wisdom ; subdue the insolence of my rebellious flesh : restrain the fury of my unbridled passions : reform the frailty of my corrupted nature : incline my heart to desire what is good, and bless my endeavours that I may do what I desire : give me a true knowledge of mine own self, and make me sensible of mine own infirmities. Let not the sense of those mercies which I enjoy, blot out of my remembrance those miseries which I deserve ; that I may be truly thankful for the one, and humbly penitent for the other. In all my afflictions, keep me from despair ; in all my deliverances, preserve me from ingratitude ; that, being timely quickened with the sense of thy goodness, and truly humbled by the sight of mine own weakness, I may be here exalted by the virtue of thy grace, and hereafter advanced to the kingdom of thy glory."